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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

P O E T R Y.

What dust beneath this turf is lowly laid,
The sad, lone matron, or the gentle maid?
While soul and body yet were laid out here,
The sag's mind, or patriot's holy fire,
Or poet's song, or youth's intense desire,
An age's feeble frame, this prostrate clay inspire!

As thus I said, and sadly turned away,
To mix with living forms of kindred clay,
A matron lonely, trod the hill'd ground,
And bending came and wept upon the mound.
Deep grief in sacred,—some few steps apart,
I heard the moanings of her bleeding heart;
While choking sobs her trembling bosom heave,
Half uttered words of woe her agony relieve.

My daughter dear, thou dost not bear
Me sobbing o'er thy tomb,
Thy spirit pure, in death secure,
Hath found an early doom,—
And I am she, whose stern decree,
Too soon hath cut thee home.

Didst thou but know, the weight of woe,
That loads my weary breast,
From out the skies, those gentle eyes,
Would smile me into rest;
Forgive, forgive, my lot me live,
Without thy pardon blest.

Why, why, did I, unheeded thy cry,
And smile upon thy woe,—
And see thee pine, by slow decline,
Thy mother, yet thy foe,—
And stern reprote, the burning love,
Whose strength I did not know.

Oh! had I now that blessed brow,
Once crowned with pleasure bright,
Might I but hear those accents clear,
My happy soul's delight!
In vain, in vain, oh ne'er again!
My hopes are hushed in night.

No more to me, shall sorrow be,
The cloudy dawn of bliss,
No change can come, till thro' the tomb
I gain thy home o' peace,
For I am lone, for thou art gone,
My hope, my happiness!

The mother mourning 'er the daughter dead,
Who might have hung about her dying bed
And closed those eyes, now dim with futile tears,
Above the perished hopes of future years.
Alas Humanity!

COUSIN MARY.

BY MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

About four years ago, passing a few days with the highly educated daughters of some friends in this neighbourhood, I found domesticated in the family a young lady, whom I shall call as they called her, Cousin Mary. She was about eighteen, not beautiful, perhaps, but lovely certainly, to the fullest extent of that loveliest word—as fresh as a rose; as fair as a lily; with lips like water berries; dimpled, smiling cheeks; and eyes of which nobody could tell the colour, they danced so incessantly in their own gay light. Her figure was tall, round, and slender; exquisitely well proportioned it must have been, for in all attitudes—and in her innocent gaiety, she was scarcely over two minutes in the same—she was grace itself. She was, in short, the very picture of youth, health, and happiness. No one could see her without being prepossessed in her favour, I took a fancy to her the moment she entered the room; and it increased every hour in spite of, or rather perhaps for, certain deficiencies, which caused poor Cousin Mary to be held exceedingly cheap by her accomplished relatives.

She was the youngest daughter of an officer of rank, dead long ago; and his sickly widow having lost by death—or that other death, marriage—all her children but this, could not, from very fondness, resolve to part with her darling for the purpose of acquiring the commonest instruction. She talked of it, indeed, now and then, but she only talked; so that in this age of universal education, Mary, at eighteen, exhibited the extraordinary phenomenon of a young woman of high family,

whose acquirements were limited to reading, writing, needle-work, and the first rules of arithmetic. The effect of this let-alone system, combined with a careful seclusion from all improper society, and a perfect liberty in her country rambles, was the very reverse of what might have been predicted. It had produced not merely a delightful freshness and originality of manner and character, a piquant ignorance of those things of which one is tired to death, but knowledge—positive, accurate, and various knowledge. She was, to be sure, wholly unaccomplished; knew nothing of quizzicals, though her every motion was dancing; nor a note of music, though she used to warble, like a bird, sweet snatches of old songs, as she skipped up and down the house; nor of painting, except as her taste had been formed, by a minute acquaintance with nature, into an intense feeling of art. She had that real extra sense, an eye for colour, too, as well as an ear for music. Not one in twenty—not one in a hundred of our sketching and copying ladies, could love and appreciate a picture where there was colour and mind, a picture by Claude, or by our English Clausens, Wilson and Holland, as she could—for she loved landscape best, because she understood it best—it was a portrait of which she knew the original. Then her needle was in her hands almost a pencil. I never knew such an embroidress—she would sit printing her thoughts on lawn, till the delicate creation vied with the snowy tracery, the fantastic carving of hoar frost, the richness of Gothic architecture, or of that which so much resembles it, the luxuriant fancy of old point lace. That was her only accomplishment, and a rare artist she was—muslin and net were her canvases. She had no French either, not a word; no Italian; but then her English was rare, unlearned, proper to the thought to a degree that only original thinking could give. She had not much reading, except of the Bible, and Shakspeare, and Richardson's novels, in which she was learned; but then her powers of observation were sharpened and quickened, in a very unusual degree, by the leisure and opportunity afforded for their development, at a time of life when they are most acute. She had nothing to distract her mind. Her attention was always awake and alive. She was an excellent and curious naturalist, merely because she had gone into the fields with her eyes open; and knew all the details of rural management, domestic or agricultural, as well as the peculiar habits and modes of thinking of the peasantry, simply because she had lived in the country, and made use of her ears. Then she was fanciful, recollective, new; drew her images from the real objects, not from their shadows in books. In short, to listen to her, and the young ladies, her companions, who, accomplished to the height, had trodden the educational mill till they all moved in one step, had lost sense in sound, and ideas in words, was enough to make us turn masters and governesses out of doors, and leave our daughters and grand-daughters to Mrs. C.'s system of non instruction. I should have liked to meet with another specimen, just to ascertain whether the particular charm and advantage arose from the quick and active mind of this fair ignorant, or was really the natural and inevitable result of the training; but, alas! to find more than one unaccomplished young lady, in this accomplished age, is not to be hoped for. So I admired and envied; and her fair kinswomen pitied and scorned, and tried to teach; and Mary, never made for a learner, and as full of natural spirits as a school-boy in the holidays, sang, and laughed, and skipped about, from morning till night.

It must be confessed, as a counter-balance to her other perfections, that the dear Cousin Mary was, as far as great natural modesty and an occasional touch of shyness would let her, the least in the world of a romp! She loved to less about children, to jump over stiles, to scramble through hedges, to climb trees; and some of her knowledge of plants and birds may certainly have arisen from her delight in these boyish amusements. And which of us

has not found that the strongest, the healthiest, and most flourishing acquirement has arisen from pleasure or accident, has been in a manner self-sown, like an oak of the forest? Oh, she was a sad romp; as skittish as a wild colt, as uncertain as a butterfly, as uncatchable as a swallow! But her great personal beauty, the charm, grace, and lightness of her movements, and, above all, her evident innocence of heart, were bribes of indulgence which no one could withstand. I never heard her blamed by any human being. The perfect untriedness of her attitudes, and the exquisite symmetry of her form, would have rendered her an invaluable study for a painter. Her daily doings would have formed a series of pictures. I have seen her scudding through a shallow rivulet like a young Diana, with a bounding, skimming, enjoying motion, as if native to the element, which might have become a Naiad. I have seen her on the topmost round of a ladder, with one foot on the roof of a house, flinging down the grapes that no one else had nerve enough to reach, laughing, and garlanded, crowned with vine leaves, like a bacchante. But the prettiest combination of circumstances under which I ever saw her, was driving a horse and cart up a hill one sunny windy day, in September. It was a gay party of young women, some walking, some in open carriages of different descriptions, bent to see a celebrated prospect from a hill called the Ridges. The ascent was by a steep narrow lane, cut deeply between sand banks, crowned with high feathery hedges. The road and its picturesque banks lay bathed in the golden sunshine, whilst the autumnal sky, intensely blue, appeared at the top as through an arch. The hill was so steep, that we had all dismounted, and left our different vehicles in charge of the servants below; but Mary, to whom, as incomparably the best character, the conduct of a certain non-descript machine, a sort of donkey cart, had fallen, determined to drive a delicate little girl, who was afraid of the walk, to the top of the eminence. She jumped out for the purpose, and we followed, watching and admiring her. She won her way up the hill; now tugging at the donkeys in front, with her bright face toward them and us, and springing along backwards—now pushing the chair from behind—now running by the side of her steeds, patting and caressing them—now soothing the half-frightened child—now laughing, nodding, and shaking her little whip at us—darting about like some winged creature—till at last she stepped at the top of the ascent, and stood for a moment on the summit, her straw bonnet blown back, and held on only by the strings; her brown hair playing on the wind in long natural ringlets; her complexion becoming every moment more splendid from exertion, ruddy and whiter; her eyes and her smile brightening and dimpling; her figure in its simple white gown, strongly relieved by the deep blue sky, and her whole form seemed to dilate before our eyes. There she stood under the arch formed by two meeting elms, a Hebe, a Psyche, a perfect goddess of youth and joy. The Ridges are very fine things altogether, especially the part to which we were bound, a turfy breezy spot, sinking down abruptly like a rock into a wild foreground of heath and fern; with a magnificent command of distant objects; but we saw nothing that lay like the figure on the top of the hill.

After this I lost sight of her for a long time. She was called suddenly home by the dangerous illness of her mother, who, after languishing for some months, died; and Mary went to live with a sister much older than herself, and richly married in a manufacturing town, where she languished in smoke, confinement, dependence, and display—for her sister was a match-making lady, a manoeuvrer—for about a twelve month. She then left her house and went into Wales—as a governess! Imagine the astonishment caused by this intelligence amongst us all; for I myself, though admiring the untaught daisy almost as much as I loved her, should certainly never have dreamed of her as a teacher. However, she remained in the seat of her baronet's family where she had com-

menced her employment. They liked her apparently—there she was; and again nothing was heard of her for many months, until, happening to call on the friends at whose house I had originally met her, I espied her fair blooming face, a rose amongst roses, at the drawing-room window—and instantly, with the speed of light, was met and embraced by her at the hall-door.

There was not the slightest perceptible difference in her department. She still bounded like a fawn, and laughed and clapped her hands like an infant. She was not a day older, or graver, or wiser, since we parted. Her post of tutorage had at least done her no harm, whatever might have been the case with her pupils. The more I looked at her, the more I wondered; and after our mutual expressions of pleasure had a little subsided, I could not resist the temptation of saying,

“So, you are really a governess?”
“Yes.”
“And you continue in the same family?”
“Yes.”
“And you like your post?”
“O yes, yes!”
“But, my dear Mary, what could induce you to go?”
“Why, they wanted a governess, so I went.”

“But what could induce them to keep you?”
The perfect gravity and earnestness with which this question was put, set her laughing, and the laugh was echoed back from a group at the end of the room, which I had not before noticed—an elegant man, in the prime of life, showing a portfolio of rare prints to a fine girl of twenty, and a rosy boy of seven, evidently his children.

“Why did they keep me? Ask them,” replied Mary, turning toward them with an arch smile.

“We kept her to play cricket with us,” said her brother.

“We kept her to marry,” said the gentleman, advancing gaily to shake hands with me. “She was a bad governess, perhaps; but she is an excellent wife—that is her true vocation.”

“And so it is. She is, indeed, an excellent wife; and assuredly a most fortunate one. I never saw happiness so sparkling or so glowing; never saw such devotion to a bride, or such fondness for a step-mother, as Sir W. S. and his lovely children show to the sweet Cousin Mary.”

JANET DONALDSON;

OR, THE WEE WOMAN O' LOCH LOMOND.

A TRUE STORY.

“Affliction's sorrows are brothers in distress,
A brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss!”

Fifty years ago the people of North Britain practically understood what a *Solitude* meant; in these days we know it only by the term and descriptions;—loneliness of situation, remoteness from the dwellings of men. There are no solitudes, no lonely dwellings such as existed in former times, when retirement was such, that it was little short of exclusion from society; when the arrival of the old baggage, or the wandering pedlar, with his little basket of wares, was considered an event in the family; an event which never failed to assemble the entire household, not only to gather all the news that was going, but to hear the old minstrel play “On Edrick's banks in a summer's night,” or “Forewell to Lochaber,” and to purchase from the pedlar glasses, ribbons, and the four Seasons painted in such intensely bright colours, that, by the children, they were deemed nothing less than exquisite! Neither a Claude nor a Titian, with the chaster taste of after times, ever called forth all the admiration.

What a change does this country exhibit since art and science have given such facility to travelling! Now every mountain and every valley are visited; every rural hamlet, famed for beauty, is explored, not only by the painter, the poet, and the curious traveller, but by all classes of the community.